

Vanity & Security by onpennylane

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Summary:

It had been a week since Steve Harrington had talked to him, and he felt like he was going out of his mind. So he figured he needed to get a reaction out of him somehow, and the calculated Tiffany comment seemed to do that. It seemed to hit Steve in his insecurities about whatever it was that was happening between them. Fuming was better than nothing, right?

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Author's Note:

- Inspired by [Crimson and Clover](#) by [kataclysm](#), [onpennylane](#).

So - I haven't written anything in about 6 years, but this fought its way out tonight. Forgive me, I'm rusty - but these boys will be the death of me.

This is a sort of reimagining of kataclysm's amazing fic *Crimson & Clover* - but a Harringrove take on one moment of the story. Go check her out.

It had been a week since Steve Harrington had talked to him, and he felt like he was going out of his fucking mind. He had been trying to catch his attention to gauge if he was still pissed about the Tiffany comment, but he avoided him at every turn. He even ignored Billy offering his jacket to a *clearly* cold Steve during class. He just defiantly shivered as he pulled his hands into the sleeves of that stupid, soft, grey sweater and wrapped his arms around himself to warm up. *He was such a stubborn asshole.*

It wasn't like he was even seriously considering taking Tiffany Jones to the goddamn party. Tommy had asked which girl he was bringing this time, and Billy had just wanted to see if Steve would bite to going to the party at all - or even possibly going him, but Steve hadn't given him anything but silence by the lockers. So being the shit Billy was, he figured he needed to get a reaction out of him somehow, and the calculated Tiffany comment seemed to do that. It hit Steve in his insecurities about whatever it was that was happening between them. Fuming was better than nothing, *right?*

The whole stand-off had Billy itching for release - for a fight, and maybe he could find it at this party. Hopefully Tommy would show up, say something stupid again, and Billy could get a few punches in to knock Tommy back down the social-climbing ladder and also quell some of the electricity thrumming under his skin at the same time. It was keeping him on edge - the same electricity that had something to do with the recurring dream of chestnut hair, toned arms and

stomach, and that stupid pretty face calling over his shoulder to Billy from the waves off Venice Beach - looking like the sun-kissed Steve of his fantasies. It made him unsatisfied and powerful with want, a deadly combination.

Somewhere between the midnight basketball pickup game and the earring, Steve had become a permeant resident in hostile terrain of thoughts - and now his dreams. And the silence of this forced standoff felt a whole hell of a lot like the bracingly cold Indiana wind that had become his ever-present reminder of the absolutely shit-hole state he found himself trapped in - cold and steely.

In the brief times they had spent together, Steve was like the winter sun - unexpected, brilliant, and blinding. He gently fingered the small gold reminder of him in his ear. He had put it on right after they got up from recovering from their race to the field - feeling hot, exposed, and oddly vulnerable at Steve's gesture. It was like he had really seen him in that moment, and it was both terrifying and electrifying. Molly Ringwald had nothing on the intensity of Steve's eyes as he put the little earring in Billy's hand. He could almost still feel the searing pressure of his warm hands closing over his as Steve gave him the stud, but the ghost of that touch was quickly replaced by the harsh slap of reality from Steve completely ignoring him all week. When would he fucking get over it? Had the earring meant nothing after all?

He needed a distraction from the cold in both his head and in the air, and what better way to forget his worries for a night than to get absolutely trashed at Donna's party and remind this backwards town and its former King who really runs Hawkins, Indiana? Maybe he could remind himself while he was at it.

Tucking his favorite red button-down into his tight leather pants, Billy went through his normal routine as Def Leppard coursed through his stereo speakers - the same stereo that Harrington's tight jean-covered ass had narrowly avoided a week ago jumping out the window to avoid Neil's wrath. He groaned audibly at the memory now. He had to shake Steve. Billy Hargrove did not go all bitch for full lips and doe eyes, no matter how pretty they were. No sooner had he thought it though, than he felt his gut fight against the idea that Steve Harrington was just a pretty face or one-off. He was *Hot*

Water Music in a sea of *Waldon Pond* - and Billy was beginning to drown.

And right now, he fucking hated Harrington for it.

As the tape ended, he was broken from his reverie. With a few swipes of cologne and a last check of his ass - he grabbed the keys and quietly left the house through the front door with Loch Nora in mind. Self-destruction always did look good in leather, and a party on the rich-side of town is exactly what he needed.

And Hawkins needed their King.